

# THE MAN FROM HOME

A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME  
BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY L. WILSON



## CHAPTER XIV.

### BLACKMAIL.

PIKE was still standing with the letter in his hand, looking after Ethel, when he awoke to the realization of what her words meant to him. She had given her promise, and she did not mean that anything in the world should make her revoke it. That promise was sacred to her, just as if it had been spoken before a clergyman.

In his heart Pike knew he would have to give in if he was to make her happy, and yet he knew that in making her temporarily happy he would be making her eternally miserable. If he could have the strength to hold out against her and refuse to sanction the marriage he knew the crew of aristocrats would never accept her without the cash, and that by the terms of John Simpson's will could never be theirs without his consent.

Of his own hopes he could see but the faintest glimmering. He had not retrievably offended the girl, and she would hate him all her life for it, he feared. His entrance into her new phase of life had been unfortunate. His continuance in it was little else than an insult according to her way of thinking. And Jim Cooley, whom he had trusted to find the law in the Hawcastle escutcheon that he knew had existed, had failed him miserably.

The lawyer felt that he was a long way from home. He sighed and turned to where the sun was sinking in a pale red across the bay. Then he heard the voice of Torrance and chiming with it the cultured accents of Lord Hawcastle. Apparently they were coming to see him. She had treated his refusal.

"But Ethel says Mr. Pike positively refuses," said the lawyer. "I return he heard Hawcastle reply: 'Leave him to me. In ten minutes he will be as meek as a lamb.'"

Dumbly Pike wondered what fresh argument the earl had to offer and mentally steeled himself against it. As he looked up he encountered the steady glare of the earl.

"My dear Pike," began the latter, "this is a certain question."

"I said I would not discuss that with you," said what I said," observed Daniel quietly.

"This is another question," went on the other, heedless of the warning or at least unaffected by it.

"Late this afternoon I developed a great anxiety concerning the penalty prescribed by Italian law for those fortunate and impulsive individuals who connive at the escape or concealment of certain unfortunate who are wanted by the police."

"So you are all worked up about this, are you?" Hawcastle glared at him, but went on.

"So deeply that I ascertained the penalty for it. For the person whose kind heart has so betrayed him the penalty is two years in prison, and Italian prisons, I am credibly informed, are unpleasant."

Pike ruminated and folded his letter. "Being in jail ain't much like an English prison," he observed.

"A citizen of your admirable country could not escape if his complicity were proved—if he were caught in the act. I will be plain with you."

These last words had an ominous note. "Let us imagine that a badly wanted man appeared upon the piazza here and made an appeal to one of your countrymen who, for the purposes of argument, is at work upon a machine. Say that the man amiable conceals the fugitive under the automobile and afterward, with the connivance of a friend, deceives the officers of the law and shelters the criminal, say, in a room of that lower suit there."

He looked about in the growing twilight and pointed dramatically to the window. Pike, now thoroughly interested and with his pulse beating a rapid tattoo, followed his finger. The earl went on:

"Imagine, for instance, that the shadow which appears upon that curtain were that of the wanted man. Would you not agree then to a reasonable request?"

Daniel swallowed painfully, for he saw in some manner that that swaying window curtain which had caught his eye an hour ago had held a distinct menace. It seemed too bad that this should be the end of it all—the defenses he had raised for the girl of his dead friend should be swept away in an instant by a bit of folly.

"What would be the nature of that request?" he asked.

"It would concern a certain alliance—might concern a certain settlement," the earl replied softly.

"If the request were refused, what would the consequences be?" Pike went on, with lowered eyes, for he would not trust himself to meet those of the nobleman.

"Two years at least in prison for the American."

"Looks bad for that American, eh?" Pike inquired whimsically.

Lord Hawcastle stepped close to him.

"If this fellow countryman of yours were assured that the law would be permitted to take its course if a favorable answer to a certain question were not received in an hour within that hotel, what, in your opinion, would the answer be?"

Pike looked up from the letter he was twisting in his hands, and his thin shoulders took on a squarer attitude. He looked his antagonist squarely in the eye, but he did not raise the tone of his voice.

"It would depend a good deal on which of my countrymen you caught. If it depended on the one I know best

he'd tell you he'd see you in hades first."

For an instant the earl looked fixedly at Daniel, and his face went red and white by turns. There was a dangerous flush in his eyes, and he stepped a trifle closer and half raised his walking stick. Then, with a muttered oath, he dropped it, picked up his hat from the bench where he had thrown it and walked to the hotel steps.

"You have an hour," he said, menacingly turning. "At the end of that time we will know what to do."

Daniel must have stood there ten minutes after Hawcastle had gone, and the twilight came down and enveloped him with its softness. As the lights came out here and there he turned and looked over at the windows of Von Grollenhagen's suit and noted the shadow still on the window blind.

"Looks to me like doc's in this thing and ought to be told," he murmured.

He found his way slowly across the grass and up the steps and in another moment tapped upon the door of the German's room. The door was opened by Ribbler, who informed him that Von Grollenhagen was dressing. He found his friend adjusting his white cravat before a mirror.

Within five minutes he had acquainted the other with all that had passed and had received a smile in return. Von Grollenhagen refused to take the matter seriously.

"Puff!" he said. "Surely you can trust this Lord Hawcastle not to mention it. He must know that the consequences for you as well as for me would be, to say the least, disastrous. Surely you made that clear to him."

"No," he answered grimly. "He made it clear to me. Two years in jail, and if I don't make up my mind in fifty minutes from now to do what he wants me to do—"

"What is it that he wants you to do?" asked the German.

"The young lady's father trusted me to look after her, and if I won't promise to let her pay £150,000 for that, well, you've seen it around here, haven't you?"

"I have observed it, if you refer to the son of Lord Hawcastle," answered Von Grollenhagen gravely.

"Well, if I don't agree to that Ivanoff goes to Siberia and you and I to jail," Von Grollenhagen looked at him quickly.

"He threatens that! What do you intend to do?"

"I can't agree. There wouldn't be any trouble to it if it was only me. They could land me for two years or twenty. But I can't do what they want, even to let you and Ivanoff out of it. I can't do it. All I can do is to hint that you get out right away. Ivanoff can't go. That's the end."

"You could get away, too, my friend," said the German, watching him softly. "You had not thought of that?"

"No, sir, and I'm not going to think of it. But you—"

"As for me, I shall go," said Von Grollenhagen, standing up.

"Well, that's part of the load off my mind. I had the nerve to tell that poor fellow in there, though."

Von Grollenhagen motioned to Ribbler.

"Appelles le monsieur la!" he commanded and pointed to the other door of the chamber. The man opened it at once and beckoned to Ivanoff.

"Ivanoff, some unexpected difficulties have arisen," said the German. "The police have discovered your presence here, and persons who wish evil to my friend have threatened to make trouble. He can do nothing further to save you unless he betrays a sacred trust."

"It's the truth, old man," said Daniel feelingly. "I can't do it."

For a moment the Russian refugee staggered and supported himself with his hand on the table. Then he looked up.

"I thank you for what you have tried to do."

Von Grollenhagen went on:

"In the meantime my friend believes Naples a safe place for me. And so auf wiedersehen."

Pike extended his hand, which the German took.

"Goodbye, doc, and God bless you!" he said. And Von Grollenhagen squeezed Pike's fingers.

"To our next meeting," he said and in a moment was gone.

## CHAPTER XV.

### "HE'S A RUSSIAN NOBLE."

THE instant he had disappeared Ivanoff crossed rapidly to the small table near the bedroom and picked up a cigarotte from a box that lay there with a bottle.

"I thought so. Russian!" he said, and in answer to Pike's look of inquiry went on. "That man, your friend, who calls himself Von Grollenhagen, is not a German—he is a Russian—not only that—he is a Russian noble."

"He helped us this afternoon," said Daniel, but Ivanoff did not seem to hear him.

"I have felt it inevitable that I should go back to Siberia ever since I came here."

"Perhaps," began Daniel, but the other interrupted.

"There is no 'perhaps' for me. There has never been a 'perhaps' since I met Helene, my wife—she sent me to the mines, she and my dear English friend."

For a moment Daniel was thoughtful; then he looked up quickly.

"What was his name?" he asked.

"Glenwood—I shall never forget it," the Russian replied. "He had contracts with the ministry of finance. He supplied hydraulic machinery to the government. The name Glenwood means nothing to you, and there are a million Helenes in France. I prayed

God to let me meet them before I was taken, but—"

He paused as a knock came upon the door. "It is the carabiniere!" he said hoarsely and shrunk back.

"Not yet!" answered Pike quietly. "Go back to your room. We won't throw our hands into the discard until we're called, and I guess we'll keep on raising." He waited a moment until Ivanoff had retired and then opened the door. Mariadze stood without bowing.

"Mariadze—she ask you would speak with her a few minutes," he said.

"Where is she?" asked Pike.

"Here, sir," replied the man. "Tell her to come right in. Ah, come in, ma'am," he went on as Lady Creech appeared in the doorway. When he had closed the door behind her she said coldly:

"My brother-in-law feels that some one well acquainted with Miss Craner-Simpson's ambitions and her future nature should put the case finally to you before we proceed to extremities," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Daniel.

"My brother-in-law has made me aware of the state of affairs, and we are all quite in sympathy as to what should be done to you, but in the kindness of our hearts we condone your offense—if you accede to our reasonable demands."

Daniel looked at his watch. "In twenty minutes," she replied frigidly.

"You say he told all of you. Did he tell Miss Ethel?" Daniel asked.

"It has not been thought proper. Young girls should be shielded from everything disagreeable," she answered demurely, and Daniel grinned.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "That was the idea I got me into this trouble. You see, I know your interest in her. I've handled all her accounts."

"If you don't mind, we'll omit all tradesmanlike references," remarked the old lady acidly. "It has been suggested that you make this opposition

frigidly."

"I guess we'll keep on raising."

because you have a sentimental interest in the young lady yourself. We can comprehend no other grounds."

"Me!" echoed Daniel in surprise. "You can't comprehend. But you can comprehend I could have no hope can't you?"

"One never knows," replied Lady Creech loftily. "We had thought to offer her an alliance with a family that for 700 years—"

"Yes, ma'am, I know—Creedy an Agincourt," interjected Pike, but she paid no attention.

"I have never been sullied by the low ideals of trade and barter."

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Creech," said Daniel quickly, tugging at his coat pocket. "I've got a letter right here that tells me your brother-in-law was in business—and I respect him for it—only a few years ago."

"A letter from whom?" demanded the lady angrily, rising.

"Jim Cooley, our vice consul at London. He says Mr. Hawcastle—"

"Mr. Hawcastle!" ejaculated Lady Creech.

"Well, I can call a person cap or doc or colonel, but I don't just know how to use the words you have over here for those things. I don't mean any disrespect. Just let me run on in my own way. Jim says your brother-in-law was in business in Russia—he stopped suddenly, for an idea had occurred to him—'in business in Russia' he repeated dazedly. 'Why didn't I think of that?'"

"Since some of your officials have been spying," Lady Creech began, but he interrupted.

"Never mind. He was in business in Russia. I don't say he was peddling shoestrings or wireworms," she screamed. "He was probably," she stopped a moment and looked at her.

"He did not have contacts with the government for hydraulic machinery, I suppose?" he asked tensely. The old woman tossed her head.

"Even if he did, he protected the historic name," she replied proudly.

"I believe you!" said Daniel fervently. "Have you ever heard the name of—Glenwood?" he asked quickly.

"Is your mind wandering?" asked Lady Creech. "Glenwood Priory is the name of the property Hawcastle inherited from his mother. Can you state its connection with the subject?"

Daniel almost staggered with the thought—the knowledge that came to him. He looked up.



"Have you ever heard of the name of Glenwood?" he asked quickly.

"That's how he protected it," he said. "He took the name of Glenwood. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform! Lady Creech told your brother-in-law he can have his answer here—in ten minutes."

As she swept from the room in dignified amazement Pike sank into a chair for a moment and fairly glowed with eagerness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If you have pains in the back, neck, or any other indication of a weakened or disordered condition of the kidneys or bladder, you should get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away when you experience the least sign of kidney or bladder complaints, but be sure that you get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. We know what they do for you, and if you will send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, and you will receive a free trial box of these kidney and bladder pills. They are sold here by Jackson Drug Co.

**Inventor Davy and Love.**  
Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor of the Davy lamp, found love something of a dilemma. If not a snare, it was a trap. He said, "I am the happiest of men in the hope of a union with a woman equally distinguished for virtues, talents and accomplishments." And in a letter to his brother he expresses his rapture thus: "Mrs. Approve has consented to marry me, and when I see her I shall be as happy as a prince." The widow must have been a person possessed of great powers of fascination. For Sir Henry Holland makes mention of her as a lady who made such a sensation in Edinburgh society that even a retired professor did not think it beneath his scholarship to go down on his knees in the street to fawn on her shoe. The sequel need not be told upon further than to add that the marriage turned out to be altogether a mistake.

**Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets** gently stimulate the liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system, cure constipation and sick headache. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

**The Quilpus.**  
The quilpus, upon which the ancient Persians kept their records and accounts, consisted of a thick main cord, with smaller cords tied to it at certain distances. Upon these smaller cords the knots were tied by means of which the reckoning was kept. The length of the main rope varied from a foot to several yards. The cords were of various colors, each with its own proper meaning—as red for soldiers, yellow for gold, white for silver, green for corn, and so on. The reckoning seems to have been largely regulated by the distances of the knots from the main cord and the sequence of the branches.

**Get DeWitt's Carbolicized Witch Hazel Salve** when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

**Would Love Her That Way.**  
"Oh, George," exclaimed a very young wife to her husband, "I've been reading in the newspaper of a woman who was suddenly stricken dumb during a thunderstorm. Do you think her husband will love her still?"

"Rather," replied George. "Any man who wouldn't love his wife still de serves the happy fate of an old bachelor."

**Here Is Relief for Women.**  
If you have pain in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb relief from Women's Ills, try Mother Gray's "Australian Leaf." It is a safe, reliable, regulator, and relieves all Female Weaknesses, including inflammation and ulcerations. Mother Gray's Australian Leaf is sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 50 cents. Sample sent free. Address: The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

**Ferguson and the Rabbits.**  
Robert Ferguson, the poet, was first mentioned at St. Andrew's university in the session of 1704-5. It was the custom at this time for each bursar to take his turn in taking "blessing" at the meals. The custom had been followed by Ferguson in various years of cookery. Ferguson, on being called to say grace, repeated what he now celebrated lines:

For rabbits young and for rabbits old,  
For rabbits tender and for rabbits tough,  
Our thanks we send, as we've had enough.

It may be added that Ferguson was not sent down, but the rabbits were "ruined."

The world's most successful medicine for Liver, Biliousness, Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It has relieved more pain and suffering, and saved more lives than any other medicine in use. Invaluable for children and adults. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

Soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, is quickly relieved by the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is equally valuable for muscular rheumatism, and always affords quick relief. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

**Same Effect.**  
"Cyril," said his mother as they sat down to the breakfast table, "did you wash your face this morning?"  
"Well, no, mamma," said he slowly, evidently casting in his mind for an excuse. "But," he added reassuringly, "I cried a little before I came down stairs!"—Delineator.

When the stomach fails to perform its functions, the bowels become deranged, the liver and the kidneys congest and causing numerous diseases. The stomach and liver must be restored to a healthy condition and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets can be depended upon to do it. Easy to take and most effective. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

## THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.

Stupid and Poor, a Good Fellow Who Merely Exists.

The Russian peasant does not live, he merely exists. "Nitchev" ("It is nothing"), he merely says when anything happens to him. Nothing matters, nothing could be worse, and "Nitchev" is his panacea for all evils. And yet the Russian moujik is really a fellow. Ordinarily, H. P. Konrad tells us in his book, "The Russian Peasant," he is a splendid, well built man, large limbed, large headed and healthy. He is equally unaffected by degrees of frost or twenty glasses of vodka. He is clothed in unadorned sheepskins and carries in winter more clothes than the average Englishman could stand up in.

He is unpeppery, stupid, however, and his dream of happiness is to gorge, to sleep as much as possible through the winter and dance and sing in the summer. But the stranger's first objection to the moujik is that he smells not because he does not wash himself. As a matter of fact, in every village there are public baths—banya—and the peasants wash themselves there unfailingly every Saturday in order to be allowed to go to church on Sunday, for the Orthodox church enjoins cleanliness.

The Russian peasant is always poor and generally in debt. He plows the land in the same way that his father did, and he gets no farther. His main worry in life is how to pay the government's taxes. If he says he cannot pay he is flogged, or perhaps he will sell part of his next year's power of work—i. e., work for nothing for several months—to raise a loan, and of course he is worse off than ever the following year.

On Christmas night at dusk the marriageable village girls go out into the streets and meet their young men, and one says, "What is your name?" The young man answers "Foma," and she replies, "My husband's name is Foma." Some days later at the girl's home relations are gathered together, there comes a knock at the door. The starosta and the young man enter, carrying loaves of bread. The starosta says something like this:

"We are German people, come from Turkey. We are hunters, good fellows. There was a time once in our country when we saw strange footprints in the snow, and your friend might be a fox or a marten or a beautiful girl. We hunters, we good fellows, are determined not to rest till we have found the animal. We have been in all cities from Germany to Turkey and have sought for this fox, this marten or this princess, and at last we have seen the same strange footprints in the snow again, here by your court. And we have come in. Come, let us take her, the beautiful princess, for we see her in front of us, or can it be that you would keep her till she grows a little older?"

Thus does the moujik ask for a wife.

Get DeWitt's Carbolicized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

**Would Love Her That Way.**  
"Oh, George," exclaimed a very young wife to her husband, "I've been reading in the newspaper of a woman who was suddenly stricken dumb during a thunderstorm. Do you think her husband will love her still?"

"Rather," replied George. "Any man who wouldn't love his wife still de serves the happy fate of an old bachelor."

**Here Is Relief for Women.**  
If you have pain in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb relief from Women's Ills, try Mother Gray's "Australian Leaf." It is a safe, reliable, regulator, and relieves all Female Weaknesses, including inflammation and ulcerations. Mother Gray's Australian Leaf is sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 50 cents. Sample sent free. Address: The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

**Ferguson and the Rabbits.**  
Robert Ferguson, the poet, was first mentioned at St. Andrew's university in the session of 1704-5. It was the custom at this time for each bursar to take his turn in taking "blessing" at the meals. The custom had been followed by Ferguson in various years of cookery. Ferguson, on being called to say grace, repeated what he now celebrated lines:

For rabbits young and for rabbits old,  
For rabbits tender and for rabbits tough,  
Our thanks we send, as we've had enough.

It may be added that Ferguson was not sent down, but the rabbits were "ruined."

The world's most successful medicine for Liver, Biliousness, Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It has relieved more pain and suffering, and saved more lives than any other medicine in use. Invaluable for children and adults. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

## A Romance of Progress

By ALBERT PAYSON TERRHUNE  
GALILEO—The Man Who Would Take Nothing for Granted.

A 19-year-old Italian boy—small almost as a child, and pallid from overstudy—sat dreaming in the gray shadows of the Pisa Cathedral one day in 1583. And from his dreams arose some of the greatest inventions and discoveries ever accomplished. The boy was Galileo, eldest son of an impoverished Florentine nobleman. He had spent his childhood devising clever mechanical toys out of the scantiest materials; had dabbled in literature and painting as he grew up; had sought to become a monk, and had been persuaded by his father to study medicine instead.

The young medical student, as he sat in the cathedral, fell to observing the great bronze chandelier that hung by a long rod from the roof. Instead of remaining motionless, the chandelier vibrated almost imperceptibly to and fro. Galileo wondered why. Ten thousand other Italians had seen that swaying lamp and had taken its motion for granted. But Galileo had a way of taking nothing for granted. From idly watching the bronze lamp's movements he began to note them more carefully. He saw that they were rhythmic, and that, whether the swings were far or slight, all occupied the same length of time. Again Galileo wondered why. He set himself to study the cause. The results of his studies were gradual and occupied more than half a century. But for convenience they will here be grouped.

He knew nothing of mathematics, but in the working out of the vibrating-lamp problem, mathematics would be necessary. So he threw over medicine and became a mathematician. The throbs of that cathedral chandelier started him to pondering over the theory of vibrations.

**The Swinging Lamp and What It Taught.**  
By that the sun stands still and that the earth revolves about it. Also, that the various stars and the moon have a similar system of rotation. Might not this alleged motion of the earth account for the vibrating of the chandelier? Galileo resolved to know more of the matter. He was not content to take for granted the old sun and stars, but he went to go further into the matter it was necessary to study the heavens. This he had no competent means of doing. So he went to work devising such means. Some years earlier a Middleburg optician had ground bits of glass in such a way as to magnify objects seen through them. The experiment had not amounted to much. But Galileo thought he saw a way of improving on it. He figured out that by placing a convex lens and a concave lens in certain position toward each other anything seen through the two would be enlarged. This is the principle of the modern opera-glass. He experimented until he was able to magnify threefold. But this seeming marvelous achievement did not satisfy him. He continued grinding lenses at various angles of refraction until he had perfected an instrument that would magnify 32 fold. In other words, he had made a telescope.

Turning this on the heavenly bodies, he at once revolutionized all astronomy. Europe went wild at the amazing invention, but it stirred up countless rivals and enemies for the inventor. Galileo's amazing declaration that the earth moved was seized upon by these rivals, who carried it to the Inquisition, with the claim that it tended to deny certain passages of Scripture and was therefore heretical. The Inquisition, always eager to torture or to death any so-called "heretic," warned Galileo to advance no more such dangerous theories. In reply he wrote a book satirizing his opponents and even hinting that the Inquisition itself lacked the highest intelligence.

As a result he promptly found himself in trouble. He was again brought to trial and given the choice of torture or of recanting his statement that the earth moves. Galileo was growing old and feeble, and courage usually departs with strength. So he recanted on his knees, admitting that the earth was stationary. But, as he rose to his feet, he shouted in a tempest of wrath: "Just the same it DOES move!" He was imprisoned in the Inquisition dungeons for an indefinite period, but through the influence of powerful friends was later allowed to go free.

But, after his troubles with the Inquisition, the inventor's spirit and health gave way. His children died, many of his friends deserted him. He went hopelessly blind. Yet even in his blindness and old age his mind harked back to the phenomenon of the swaying cathedral lamp that had incited his whole career. Working on the same theory of rhythm, he invented the pendulum, and applied its use to clockmaking. This was his last achievement before, in 1642, he died. He had been born on the day of Michelangelo's death. And the day of his death also witnessed the birth of the great Sir Isaac Newton.

To the cathedral "dreamer" we owe almost wholly the telescope, microscope, thermometer and clock pendulum. To him, above all, we owe our knowledge of astronomy and of the earth's motion.

(Copyrighted.)

## L. & E. RAILWAY

EFFECTIVE APR. 1, 1908.

WEST BOUND.

No. 1 No. 3

Daily

Ex. Stn.

Ex. Stn.	No. 1	No. 3
Lv. Jackson	6:10	2:30
O & K Jct	6:15	2:35
Elkatawa	6:20	2:40
Okdale	6:25	2:45
Athol	6:40	2:52
Tallega	6:45	3:00
St. Helens	6:50	3:11
Buttyle Jct	7:07	3:20
Finestre	7:15	3:28
Torrent	7:30	3:41
Glencairn	7:40	3:50
Nat'l Bridge	7:45	3:55
Campton Jct	7:48	3:57
Dundee	7:52	4:03
Filson	8:03	4:14
Roslyn	8:09	4:20
Stanton	8:15	4:26
Clay City	8:25	4:35
Ind'n Flds	8:45	4:53